MeAningLess text

A collection of short prose

BY Royce Icon

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The goatman and the gypsy.

The fast hearted gypsy slides remotely down the grove of the slithering goatman, whom smiles like an impotent dog. The last time the gypsy compulated with the goatman, she was giving birth to a legion of angry penguins. Half of the penguins came out still born, and the other half ate their dead siblings. The goatman is sly and resilient; he knows the tricks of the gypsy and smacks her in her bosom accordingly. The evaluation of the goatman's psyche is a very hard task to describe, as it takes hours of hot jelly lubricant and flower scented bathes to consume any information from his goat horned head.

The gypsy licks her fingers as the goatman smiles into oblivion. Small fish enter the goatman's mouth like small eggrolls on slippery noodles. The gypsy riddles her way out of the goatman's clever traps by offering him eternal satisfaction with pornography and lice. But the gypsy doesn't seem to grasp that the the mangoat is far above her intelligence quota. he simply goes along with her simple-minded folly because he knows how to get what he wants. he sees the fire between the legs of the gypsy mother. He embraces the conflict of incest with much vigor. The gypsy smiles at the thought of mutual maternal masturbation. It reminds her fondly of her childhood.

Eventually the goatman bores of the gypsy's fiendish schemes and banishes the woman into a life of furnishing and dinner parties. The gypsy is forced to talk to airbag filled celebrities for decades. Her ashes are crammed slowly into a compact car. The goatman laughs at her irrelevance. He squirms through the ocean with his angelically crafted water hooves, hoping to impregnate a mermaid at some as he is passing through. the gypsy feels his intentions and poisons the sea with vast amounts of bleach and dye. the sea becomes a large purple morgue. The goatman ties the gypsy to a bulletin board at a post office where she is raped by angry postal workers daily. The goat man grins and watches the acts of forced compulation, knowing full well that the people in africa aren't really starving.

The gypsy frees herself from her neon wrappings and peels herself clean like a freshly cut orange. The goatman is pleased with the gypsy's new found demonic nudity. the two lovers become one and grow roots in the air.

Man, Woman

her voice is dead air. stomach juices fill her lungs with testosterone. slathered leather kisses remove themselves from dreams of condemned utopias. The feathered laughs become nothing more than devoid words, killed before they had a chance to shine. the last time he saw her she was standing in front of him, nude. her firm belly in place, her ribs not persistent, but visible. he mourned her loss and ate his sandwich without a moments hesitation; memories are meant to fade.

The glimpse of regulated bliss drove her to the brink of utmost insanity. the cradled tombs of innocence smiled upon him as he attempted to save her from her transgressive misery. Needless to say, his flowered words had the opposite effect on his love's tear stricken face. the moon rose and faded that night, trying hard not to hint at it's inherit weakness. her wounded pride was bent reluctantly by his mourning glee. he strode the world in search of happiness; she simply followed his glowing scars.

the world was not very hind to him, and the world was not very kind to her either. They found themselves constantly rushed back and forth into endless games of consequence. the emotions both parties had at one time possessed in their fragile hearts dripped out of them like morning piss. The world kept, moving and turning closer to the end, but he and she felt distant and indifferent. everything ws the same, everything was different. The nudity memory healed their scratches temporarily, but in the end it opened its own larger gashes.

The thoughts fizzle and pop inside his skull. He knows that she is alive; knows it. But he does not want to bear another day without his eminent fix. without his consensus hatred. She looks at him and smiles deeply in her crotch. he stares at her forever, hoping that she will not forget him. the evolution of her eyes become stars and fade across the galaxy where they rot and explode; the world never knowing what he she saw, or what he felt.

Fragmented pepper spewings.

Flower power hippy children eat mushrooms and say 'groovy'. Deflowered virgins are bitter at best and horny at worst. Glitter filled

cupcakes shine brightly on summer lit nights. I cant feel her face. But I can. feel her. Hair. the blood soaked mattress is starting to attract flies, her liquidated words are melted and congealed. the earth is growing slowly inside out, expanding its way into oblivion. I feel the words slip through my fingers before i even had a chance to open my mouth. the last things she said to him were ‘pack your bags and fuck me’.

I catch a taxi and chew gum redundantly, the cabdriver snaps at me. ‘no gum chewing, you stupid fuck, can’t you read the sign?’ I couldn't read the sign, but i was far too wounded to speak. The snake skinned boys with rubber grenades attract the attention of the punk rock girls in their tight pants and band shirts. I pump up my shoes until i am eight feet tall. i am the tallest man alive. i am invincible. I am rendered incomplete by a flame and a safety pin at the hands of a five year old snot drenched brat. i kill him with my ingrown toenails rotting on the side of my testicles.

she squirms in and out of the street, swiftly avoiding traffic as if she is roadkill. i am allergic to stupidity. That’s why i died when i was born. the girls with no faces but lots of makeup pity fuck me in the back of their fathers cars. The punk rock girls and grenade boys laugh at me when i walk past them until I slather them in pig riddled blood. They become rusty and corrode into the earth like the nothing they were. i smell the smell of audio. I feel the sensations of sight. She looks ragged and beat, but i still find myself attracted to her bruised and dirty curves. I become a blemish inside a never ending suicide note farce. I hang myself with a dose of cotton and gallows humor. My top spins like a joker’s hat on valium.

Four disillusioned poets.

the disillusioned poets gather en masse slowly every tuesday evening to talk about what they want to do with their lives and why it matters and why anyone should care. You look at me like I am a rebel; really i am just an old man with no cause and no feelings. I am a repetitive cycle; i repeat the same phrases and actions over and over and over. My moonlight has been glazed and my tears have been swept from my face. The emotions you displayed so elegantly in your blue summer dress have died and vanished into the thick air of the middle class.

the first poet to speak:

‘I find you to be at once beautiful and disgusting. Your head spins and shifts colors. someone could tell me that the world exists only in a bag of flour in the west side of jersey in a red toyota truck and i may believe them right now. My mind has become frivolous and redundant. my elegant

looks have undulated into you. you are the reason that i do not try to be real. i can not compete with your reality. you are far too elegant, far too beautiful for me to think that i am important at all. I have become a selfless monk doing heroin everyday at 12 am.'

The second poet to:

'I feel that everything here is at once a farce and a cosmic joke. you will please allow me a few moments of silence to pay to my nonrespective brother, won't you, you disillusioned tart? Please, please remember what to call me in the tabloids when i die. please remember that i was at once a homosexual and a schoolboy trapped in a young nurses body. Please, please note that i am not very handsome or very wealthy, but my penis is somewhat large and I stutter when I talk to women whom are taller than I. please'

the third poet:

" i am not a very ambitious man and my colors are very dirty from lack of being washed. my energy is slow sighted and about to explode. my frivolous nature is to be poorly dressed at social events, especially in the winter. My wife is a slow wited dolt. My girlfriend is a blind heartless amputee with one eye in the center of her forehead. my eyes gleam like dying jellyfish as i ask you why you throw your ugly words at my face. You say that you are selfish, yet you say 'I' . My eagerness to disconnect myself from your world is taken as rejection. in fact it is nothing more than my incapability to deal with life and the world. i speak only to my one friend. i scream only at the wind. you will not hear me when you need to. you will hear me only when you are asleep. I need to censor my thoughts so that I can please you more. i need to make you happy. i need to make you love me more. Please reveal to me the secrets you possess. please reveal to me the cause and effects of this morbid world you showed me when i had nothing else. You are not in my head, you fool. you are not anywhere.'

The Fourth:

'You say you understand me as if that means something. please read up on your situationist literature, your knowledge of boredom is very weak. You will hear me and think I am nonsensical. you will disregard me as a fraud. you will disavow me as a nothing. I promote you with my last kisses to the moon wrapped sloppily in spandex filled paper. you have the distortion on far too high; I can not make out what you are screaming . please forgive me for intruding, but are you okay? I need someone to talk to right now. i need someone to hate with. Plagiarism is tolerated when you don't know anything about something. but when you learn to think

you are shoved into the pit, your hands forced savagely behind your back. you seem to grasp my open (un open) minded consciousness. But do you understand the meaning of nothingness? that so much referred to, so much used term of nothingness? do you understand, truly, that you are not real? do you care about your reality? Do you care about anything? My evil lies in my attempt to make you feel better about yourself.'

At this, all the other poets bow and get to their feet. it has been a long day this night and they must all return to their respective abodes. this nights session of brutism has be conducted. They wait eagerly for the next years like a lover waits for its prey.

Lawngnome.

I eat the maggots in my head before they can eat me.
My urine smells like French fries. Nosferatu is not a healthy man to hang out with. He eats all my garlic and complains it gives him heartburn. I would cut off your penis and eat your toes, but I have been told if I do so my wife will not let me lick the rust off of the car anymore. you try to confuse me with you acts of consumerist sodomy, but i am not confused. I do not know what to do, or what I am, but i am not confused.

I scream at you for not reading my mind. why is everyone so inconsiderate of my nonfeelings? I need to destroy the chipmunk in my testicle again, he's growing up too fast. My son looks like a rat. My wife looks like an infected toenail. my life looks like nothing. And I can't find the fucking remote to turn on the television. I need to slow down before I speed up.

I slice my toast with gross indifference to the wants and needs of others. i take a tub of butter and spread it around my body. i am toast. Put me in the oven. make me crisp and golden. Make me beautiful and crusty. slather me in peanut butter and jelly. Cut off my edges with a knife. Eat my organs with caviar and mushrooms. Spread me thick, and slice me thin.

I eat too much of your dogshit and it makes me sick. You should have informed me you had worms. now I have the slithery things coming out of my nose and other assorted orifices. I pry open my head with a crowbar and a sledgehammer. The contents inside are depressingly bare. A jar of mayonnaise and a copy of the anarchist's cookbook are the

hollow areas only occupants. I smash my toes in grief.

You cry and say you love me, you say my toes were so beautiful. I say you should kill yourself. you say i should sop referring to myself in the third person, it's creepy. i say 'he isn't referring to himself in the third person'. you hit me over the head with a golf cart and dance in the ashes of my lovely frog like corpse. Now I know how it feels to be a lawn gnome.

Short term memories.

I met a girl on the internet and moved in with her. We had four children all named philip. I became an alcoholic. I raped my dog and was promptly shot in the face by my wife. i cant remember what it was like to be a real person, so i kill real people. I chop them up and force them to eat their eyes and ears. i make them bleed to death. It's a rather fun activity. I think there would be less stress in the world if we all just killed a bit more. I look at my face and I see a german shepherd. I guess i really am a sun of a bitch then.

My teeth begin to grow too large for my mouth. they rip through my skin and gouge out my eyes. My wife systematically cuts off the heads of each of my children. i am left to mourn my innocent headless children. I get over it in a matter of seconds. but those seconds last for years. I remove myself from my body and float into my wife's body. It is warm and smells like rotten Chinese food. i realize that my wife is rotten Chinese food. Upon this amazing epiphany I float back into my body and eat my wife. My wife does not taste very good at all. she tastes like a furry cat scrotum. I regurgitate my wife back into existence. It feels like giving birth to a pig. I realize that i have given birth to a pig. I turn into a chainsaw and chop the pig to pieces. I cut and grind my way to a pawnshop and sell myself for fifty dollars. I then become human again and use the money to buy myself a nice young prostitute. Life is fun when you cant remember anything for longer than 30 seconds.

Something happened

something happened when i went to your house the other day. my head exploded and was replaced with silver tape. My lungs were filled with asphalt and my ears were covered with dust. I felt something pricking at my

feet, but didn't dare look down for fear of seeing a leprechaun. I tried to scream for you to help me, but fear held my tongue tightly. I Moved away from your house and melted into a vast assortment of bubbles and Christmas ordainments.

All I wanted was to see your beautifully deformed face, but you had to ignore me. All i wanted was a kiss. Or maybe just a hug. But now it's too late. my stomach has become an ice cube and my liver is rotten solid. My hair has all fallen off, except for the hair on my genitals. My face has become distorted and hideous. People laugh at me when I walk down the street. Children call me a faggot and throw rocks at my bloated ice cube belly. I break and shiver and cry. All I wanted was for you to like me, to love me, but you have destroyed me.

I walk by your house one last time. The door is open. I walk inside. i see you standing on your bed. I see you with him, naked, fornicating. My stomach melts and fills your home with water. You do not notice. I cut off my arms and propel them at you with my teeth and you still do not notice me. i scream and spit maggots from my empty chest. I swim through the pool of stomach water and on to your bed. You and he compulate, oblivious to me. Oblivious to everything. I realize you will never love me. I re-grow my arms and crawl my way back home.

Ten dollar Japanese junkie whore.

i rummage through my pockets looking for something to sell. I am broke and in withdraw. My eyes are red and foggy. I look like a rag. i feel like a disease. I am bleeding through my ears. My lips are chapped and bloody. i am a walking hemorrhage. my hair is messy, strewn and unkempt. My breasts are angular and lined with stretch marks. i have lost a hundred pounds in the last year, my hipbones are poking through my skin.

I try to walk through the door, but I keep falling down. I can't feel my pulse. The world is starting to spin and change colors. i see men running through my closets, naked. Soon men fill my vagina, raping me one by one. The men crawl up my hole and in to my stomach and out my mouth. i scream and die every five seconds. the men fade and i am outside of my skin, outside of my home. i am in a chair. i am naked, glued to a chair. a woman is standing in front of me. her hair is on fire. her hair IS fire. green, bouncing fire. she is wearing an alligator skinned dress. She is holding a mirror.

I look at my fingernails, they are lined with dirt and blood. i want to scrape off the blood with my teeth, but my hands are still glued to the chair. The woman tells me to shut up. i am not saying anything, i say. she slaps me and eats my liver. i rip off my skin and run from the wench in the alligator skin, my muscles and nerves now showing. she ignores me and keeps chewing on my kidneys. I grow a new layer of skin and become a Buddhist. i am selfless. i am one with everything. i am bored. i need a fix. I close my eyes and i am in my apartment. i walk outside. On my door is an eviction notice. I crumple the small piece of paper and eat it. My stomach is happy to have something to destroy.

i walk to the grocery store. i steal a bottle of aspirin and pour it all down my throat. I chase it down with a can of diet soda. my veins at once explode and squirm. my hair begins to fall out of my head. my mind is replaced by a cannonball soaked in hot semen. The world is slowly shifting into a daydream movie. I see walking televisions and empty cash registers. i see naked children engaging in rounds of vigorous sodomy. I smile and keep flying. i am in japan. i have turned into a Japanese man. my name is takashi yakazuki. i am a member of the yakuza. I kill children and drink their blood. i gamble and rape on a daily basis. My body is thin and muscular. my skin is tan and bright. My hair is slick and black. I am feared and hated. I shoot everyone i see in the head. I am invisible. i am happy.

My eyes stop bleeding and i get my medicine in the bag.

Stomach problems in africa.

I was hungry so I ate my face. The little man in the jukebox started singing ‘you don't have a face, you don't have a face, you ugly faceless man!’, so I cut open his little jukebox ridden head with an ax. I can’t survive on a diet of flesh alone, so I eat metal and plastic. I buy millions of candles and boil them all in a large cauldron. I bathe myself in the wax. My skin is burned and the wax replaces it accordingly. I am now a wax figure. I change my face and appearance daily from vincent price to boris karloff to marilyn monroe. That last one is a hard one to pull off, but I pull it off with style. I walk outside in my marilyn skin and get many drunk men trying to pick me up. One day I take a drunk trucker up on his offer of free beer and a night of endless sodomy. When we are finished, i turn into my godzilla skin and rip him apart.

I decided a second ago that I would eat my left hand. I don't use it much anyway, as i'm right handed. I eat my left hand and bleed to death on my ugly carpet. I become reincarnated as a beetle and destroy the dreams of little boys and girls. I eat nothing but maggots and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. I am now a frog, crawling in a dimly lit pond. I am now a gnome, crawling under tall girl's dresses and taking a peak at their undergarments (or lack there of). I lick a young woman's thighs until she screams in utter ecstasy for me to stop. I shove my head into her anus and watch a rather vigorous game of golf. My penis enlarges to the size of a house. I am no longer able to walk, so i simply float in the sky, hitting buildings with my monstrous cock. I am declared a national threat and my penis is shot.

I crawl in and out of time periods, reluctantly. I am a cowboy, I am a pirate, I am a samurai, I am a cro-mag, I am an african slave. I finally decide to live in the body of a pregnant south american woman with a rather hideous upper bite and hair lip. I sing songs about being a south american woman with a hair lip. I am found by a record label and become an instant hit in America. I have an abortion the day before I am due. I eat the baby with mayonnaise and butter. I slam my face into my gas oven, waiting for the fumes to kill me.

Weathered genocide action figures.

I move like snow in july. i think like A rock. i rub my eyes out to make sure they're still there. I know no one knows or cares if i have genitals or not, but god damnit, I want to be able to see them with two eyes. i slash my wrists on cigarette burns before I drink a gallon of five year old milk. the chunky fluid drips down my chin like semen. I sigh in relief as my pants split to the ground. I normally wouldn't mind getting head, but The pavement is rather harsh. I swim through the rocks and find my way into a brothel.

I see naked girls and assorted other things. i see a man with no legs floating in midair. i see an infant who looks like george bush, whining about terrorism and lack of funds. I see a woman with a beard as long as a horse. I try not to stare at this persian beauty, but i can not help myself her beard is so large, it is sucking me in to her. Soon I am sucked completely inside her vagina. it is hard to breathe. I grow nails in my forehead and head butt my way out of the harry concubine's stomach. She laughs and says that i look sexy with nails on my forehead. I grin and give her a ten dollar bill.

I walk outside of my mental disposition and find that i don't like the outside world much. i dig a large hole in the ground and live like a mole for 20 years. In fact, i become a mole. A big, fat, bearded mole. I decide i don't like the dirt anymore and burrow my way back up to humanity. I am astonished to find that everything looks the same. I was hoping that there would be spacecars like in the jetsons. Damn those lying cartoons and my lack of spacecars. i need to float and i cant do it on my own.

I break my collar bone on a young girls thigh while reading a dr suess book. The girl disappears and I start to bleed uncontrollably from a nonexistent head wound. Invisible paramedic college students come to my rescue with duct tape and screwdrivers. I look horrid after they're done, but i stopped bleeding. I try to look at myself in the mirror, but all I can is is some ugly guy with green teeth. i wish i could see myself sometimes instead of him. he makes me feel bad.

i start to chew tomatoes and read about asian cooking. I don't like cooking, but i love little asian people. They taste great with tartar sauce and vinegar. I once had a friend who was deathly allergic to vinegar, i made him drink some and he exploded instantly. i was rather happy, but he was not amused. apparently blowing up to little pieces is not fun. What a spoil sport. When I win the nobel prize, i want a goddamn action figure.

Sun-Burnt.

Sun-burnt callous pills move slowly through desert sunrises while bathed in heat. I touch sally's head while making breakfast for the boys. 'who's there john?' my deceased wife of ten years asks me as i pick up the phone dressed as a relish. 'no one honey, go back to death'. The last time the first grade school teacher called me about my brothers dog being caught in the grass refrigerator i almost vomited out my waifer.

But now that the world is gone and my breakfast has been transported to it's rightful place in a hen's anus, I am free to sigh. what would a little girl do if she saw me now? she would probably laugh and run away, amazed and repulsed at my gleaming indifference. I can't get a hard on in the summer anymore without using some pesticide. the lawn gnomes are somewhat bothersome in the weeding process. i cut and cut at their eyelids, and nothing happens.

Swim inside my cast of twice folded clay before entering my mind. you must take off your shoes and enter at the exit for fear of

castration. The smell of nausea is most welcome here, or so the old man in the grey suite told me. i wanted to call my mother father, but she wouldn't of gotten the joke. was there a joke? i'm not sure if the lice in my eyes are real, but they are starting to itch. i pick and pick and i try to ignore life, but it crawls back up my sleeve like an aging hag in a brothel. Replace the silence with doubt. corrode the moronic with lustful trappings.

Splinter. crash. fade. evolve inside. rotting. inbred face inside moletsations. Perform for ants inside rusty cages. you are not immortal. You are not even alive. Dust off my spittle, and win back my heart. 'honey, honey, you're talking foul again, please stop, you're upsetting me' 'the emotions set upon in the past equal nothing now what is the point of trying anyway? fear my words? I can't hold a pen. the evolution in sickening and you want me to calm down?'

I grow a bear and listen to my headphones blair on my feet, waiting for the truth of irony to cast it's burly shadow upon me. The moon is full but the sky is bright, far too bright for a winter day. the earth has stop tilting, everything is melted and frozen, the tectonic plates fell off the table. The nightgown smiles have long since faded since no one cared to speak their names. I watch myself fade inside you, illusions of glamour swimming past my eyes. are the whispers of safety enough? is anything?

I guess the answer you're looking for is in my shoe, as you keep looking at it with such intensity' 'no, the shoe is not what i'm looking at, it is your mind inside your left ankle that makes you smell so strongly, yet gives you an abnormally strong sexual appeal to men of your race.' i dominate reflections in order to dominate lies. plater. is not. reality. and I. am NOT. YOUR. king.